

THE GLEANER

NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL
AND JUNIOR COLLEGE

December—1946



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THE



PLENNER

Official organ of the student body
NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL AND
JUNIOR COLLEGE

Entered as second class matter at
Farm School, Pa.

VOLUME 51

DECEMBER, 1946

NUMBER 2

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A Change



SINCE the last issue of the GLEANER, the men who came to the National Farm School and Junior College have undergone a drastic change. The man pictured on the page opposite the editorial has become a Farmer. He has discarded his city clothes and has acquired the clothes of a farmer. The brilliantly colored checked shirt and blue dungarees have replaced the suit, white shirt, and tie.

More than the clothes have been changed. The minds of the men have changed as much as the clothes. In the classroom, where chemistry, mathematics, zoology, and agriculture are the main topics, men do not think of the subjects as just so many credits that they must acquire, but as a means to an end. A means of becoming farmers and business men in a world where chemistry and mathematics are tools that must be used every day. A world where the knowledge they acquire in college will be used and appreciated.

To them, Agriculture is a basic industry, an industry that the world depends upon. Agriculture is an art, the art of living and making live. It is a science, a science of most exacting demands. Agriculture is no longer a guessing game. Today the farmer must know not only what he is doing, but why he is doing it. A dairy farmer, poultry farmer, or horticulturist must be able to tell, with a very slight margin of error, the results of breeding certain animals or plants. There is no room on a farm for the man who is just satisfied with drifting along in a haphazard manner.

Another change that has taken place in the minds of the students is the realization that men must be able to live together. This fact has not been taught in class, it has been learned in the dorms. Men have learned to work, live, study, and have fun together.

Not only have the students changed from city boys to farmers in clothes and thinking, they have also changed in spirit.

A new spirit has arisen. It is a spirit of helpfulness, a spirit of co-operation. All men are working together, keeping the National Farm School and Junior College a good place to work and learn. This same spirit will prevail when they go out into the world to follow their chosen field of endeavor.

The farmer is no longer an individualist. Now that farms have become more specialized, he realizes that he must live together in harmony with other people.

Soon a new class will enter the National Farm School and Junior College. We hope that they, too, will change as we have changed, and become better men, better Americans.

* * * * *

The staff of the GLEANER extends to all the members of the faculty and student body wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We'll see you all next year.

—THE EDITORS

GOOD LUCK, WINDY

Jack Winderman, known far and wide as the dispenser of *Inquirers*, *Records*, *Hoard's Dairyman* and other notable periodicals is graduating for the second time.

Jack was a member of the class of '37, majoring in Horticulture. Upon graduation he was given a job as a goat farm manager. It was an interesting job and Jack was very happy there, but he saw a chance for advancement and accepted a position with the Park Department in New York City. Jack worked as a gardener with a landscape crew for a year. He was then transferred to the Forestry Bureau.

In this new job, Jack quickly rose until he was put in charge of a National Youth Administration crew which sprayed trees and cared for the wooded areas which were under the supervision of the Park Department of the city.

After three years with the Park Department, Jack was inducted into the Army. His Army career was one of meritorious service, and he was discharged in October, 1945, after serving three years.

One of Jack's first thoughts concerned Farm School, and he decided to return for a refresher course in Floriculture.

Jack wants to go back to work for the Park Department in New York City. But he told us that when the price level comes down to a stable position he wants to buy his own greenhouse.

We expect to hear great things from this twice-graduated Farm School boy, and we are certain that we will.

Good luck, Jack. We're rooting for you.

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CASTLE FORSAKEN

Tall and gaunt 'mid the towering trees,
The phantom moonbeams light your eaves,
Caress your aged stones with love,
As stars that flicker high above,
Remember when in all your glory,
You housed kings of famous story,
Knights and warriors, huntsmen bold,
Rare spices held in jewelled gold.
Around you they had placed a moat,
In those dark waters death did float,
A drawbridge spanned across its banks,
Whose massive chains with groans and clanks,
Kept you free from harm and woe,
As upward it heaved at sight of foe.
Within your now fast crumbling walls,
Great, mighty rooms and massive halls
Rocked to the notes of revelry and laughter,
Which dimmed and died in the years thereafter,
And so you were left to the wind and the rain
For no one entered you, no one came.

D. H. LAMM

WHY WE STUDY — WHAT WE STUDY

The fact that you have come to college is evidence of your desire to KNOW. Those of you who have come to specialize in Dairying want to know WHY certain things are so in that field. Why does milk sour? Why does a cow need grain? Why do we breed certain cows to certain bulls?

More important than knowing the answers is the ability to find the answers. Having found the answers, the next desirable condition is the ability to understand them.

A book on Dairy Bacteriology will give you the answer to: "Why does milk sour?" A true understanding of this answer, however, is predicated on a knowledge of Bacteriology, which, basically, involves a knowledge of Chemistry and Mathematics. Tracing the answer to the question, "Why does a cow need grain?" we are led through Physiology to Chemistry and Physics. The answer to the breeding question leads through Physiology to Genetics, and from there to Mathematics.

Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry: these are the basic sciences. These, for our purposes, are the final goals in tracking down an answer, not only in Dairying but in any field of Agriculture.

To see this matter graphically, look at the following chart. In the first column are listed subjects, taken from the 1946-1947 Catalogue of NFSJC, which will be studied by those of you majoring in Dairying. The right-hand portion of the chart furnishes a check-list of the basic sciences through which will be found the ultimate answers to questions brought up in the various courses. The chart itself should be the ultimate answer to your question: "I came to learn Dairying; why do I have to learn Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics?"

Course in Dairying	Chem.	Phys.	Math.
Animal Physiology	X	X	
Bacteriology	X		X
Genetics			X
Animal Breeding	X	X	
Principles of Nutrition	X		X
Animal Feeding	X		X
Health and Diseases of Animals	X	X	X
Dairy Products Testing	X	X	X
Creamery Management	X	X	X

—DR. AARON APPLEBY

* * * * *

ED. NOTE: *We received this note in the mail. This is probably the reason for some fellows missing their A.M. details.*

To Ye Olde Ed. of Ye Olde "Gleaner"

"The Rude Awakening"

Alarm clock rang this morning (it rings both loud and clear).

The noise it made resounded in my unreceptive ear.

I cursed the little gadget which caused it to roar,

Then shrieked in mortal glory (bare feet upon cold floor).

I fumbled for the button which causes it to cease

And with a grin I pushed it in, and then, thank God, 'twas peace!

In one great bound I reached my bed and with an evil smile,

I pulled the covers 'round my head, sighed and slept awhile.

—HAL SILVERMAN

The Salesman

Almost any person who has a neighbor knows what a salesman is. I make this statement because if any one has a neighbor, it shows that he is not a hermit, and if he is not a hermit, he has certainly been approached by that form of life commonly known as the salesman.

Webster's Dictionary defines a salesman as "a man who makes a business of selling goods." My own opinion is that Mr. Webster could have enlarged on this definition by dividing salesmen into several groups.

In the first group, we have the "beat around the bush" type. As a prospective buyer, you may really want to purchase the man's product, but will he give you a chance? He will not! He may open the conversation with a dissertation on the weather, politics, or any other unrelated subject. By the time that the sales talk begins, we wish to see only the rapidly disappearing back of this man who makes a business of selling goods.

The second type of salesman is the high pressure man. This fellow comes at you with all the reserve and quiet dignity displayed by a Florida hurricane. His forte is his complete mastery of the English language, and his idea of complete mastery is possessing the ability to rattle off words at speeds of three hundred syllables per minute. This fiend will burst into a man's office and bowl him over with a stream of words so rapid that they will literally erode all thoughts of resistance from his prospective customer's mind.

Next on the list of men who make a business of selling goods is the man of facts and figures. Filled from cranium to podia with statistics on independent laboratory tests, this man is a walkie-talkie almanac who, if given half a chance, will efficiently drive his customer insane. Unless one has the cold reasoning mind of a lawyer coupled with a touch of mathematical genius, the "scientific" salesman will have one believing that seven out of ten people in this country use his product because it aids four out of five of the six out of ten people who are allergic to seaweed. It is well to keep out of the path of individuals such as those just mentioned.

In a category all by his lonesome, we have the traveling salesman. He is the fellow without whom there would be no traveling salesman jokes. He is a sly fellow, this one, and we must be very wary when he is about. He seems to have absolutely no scruples and is a particular menace to rural folk. If you meet him on the road he may get you into a "harmless little card game" wherein you lose your shirt and your return ticket home. Oh, he is a shrewd one!

The door-to-door salesman is also in a class by himself. The man of the "foot-in-the-door" technique is a familiar sight to the busy housewife. I say "busy housewife" because the door to door man has the peculiar faculty of knowing just when a house-keeper is up to her ears in work. The man is like a doctor, complete with bedside manner, and the omnipresent little satchel of samples. The only way to deal with his kind is to try and keep him out of the house.

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SOIL CONSERVATION

In the beginning was a forest. It was not new. It was old and no man knew the end of it. The vast land was covered with huge and countless trees. There were rivers, mountains, and endless valleys. Then the white man came, generation after generation. Ships came and unloaded their cargo of humans. Flags from various countries were raised high among the trees. Nations fought endless battles, each trying to gain control of rich land. The blood of the white man fell upon the green of the valleys and turned the clear rivers a dark red. A bitter battle was fought and finally this new world became open to all who desire freedom from the tyranny of their native countries.

With the oncoming of the tidal wave of immigrants, our country soon became overcrowded and the colonists began to look toward the West as a new source of land. Unsatisfied, they moved westward, cutting down countless trees. When the land had been cleared, they planted the same crops over and over again until they could no longer use the soil. Then, instead of replacing the chemical contents of the soil, they moved again to where the land was rich and plentiful. Eventually they soon realized that the land was not as inexhaustible as they had anticipated. They started to wonder what had happened, and not until then did they realize that through bad farming practices, the fertility of the soil had been depleted.

Today, because of the neglect of our forefathers to realize that the soil can only give so much and then become worn out, we in America are confronted with the critical condition of soil erosion. Few still, however, realize the importance of the prevention of soil erosion. Examples of this may be clearly expressed by noting the improper methods used in the Middle West during the First World War. Because of the high prices the farmer received for wheat, he planted his entire acreage with this grain, and repeated this practice year after year, only because of his greedy lust for money. Now the future generation is faced with ruined lands scored by soil erosion, lands which can no longer be used for agricultural purposes.

To prevent the continuance of these improper practices, our government has taken steps to educate the farmers in the prevention of soil erosion. All over America, Federal, state and local agencies have sprung up to relieve this critical condition. A farmer today can secure advice, as well as actual help in improving his land, from any of these agencies. The cost for such assistance is practically nothing other than for the purchasing of the materials his soil requires.

Some of the scientific methods now in use for erosion control are: crop rotation, contour planting, cover crops, fertilization, and commercial products for improving the soil. All these practices help preserve the soil as well as produce a better, higher yielding crop which shall pay greater cash dividends.

I feel sure that all the farmers in America shall believe in the old saying, "Give and Take." In other words, "Give the soil that makes your living the substances it needs" and "Take the products it produces."

BILL DEWALD

SEVENTY MILES TO NEW YORK

Seventy miles to New York or forty to Philadelphia reads the signpost. And to me it means more than just that many miles. It brings back memories of many hitch-hiking adventures. For those trips were full of events and impressions of various people and places.

I remember my first hitch-hiking experience, which was more hiking than riding. Two fellows and I thumbed about a distance of twenty miles to try our luck in fishing. We were such good fishermen that all we caught were colds, and weren't even lucky enough to get a ride back. And to top it all we were caught in a rainstorm.

The state of New Jersey has a law against hitch-hikers. Every state in the union has one for that matter, but the way the New Jersey police go after hitch-hikers you'd think they get a bonus for every one pulled in. I had a way of getting around that by just standing on the sidewalk hoping the cop would think I was just kidding around or hiking. Why do policemen have to be so mean about hitch-hiking? After all, I was only doing it for pleasure and to save money. Besides, during the war it was a patriotic gesture. Yes, sir, it gave motorists a chance to pool their cars.

Once, in New Jersey, as I was coming home after helping on a farm, I was stopped by a state trooper and told that hitch-hiking was illegal. After explaining my financial situation to him, I offered him some apples that I had picked. If looks could kill, I'd be dead now, but fortunately he rode away.

Hitch-hiking at times can offer hair-raising experiences, as I know quite well. One wintery night, a friend and I decided to ride into town for supplies. It was a bad night for thumbing rides, and we walked and we walked. We had to walk, for if we stood still, I am sure we would have turned into icicles, it was that cold. It was only the rapid walking which generated heat that kept us from freezing. On the way, five dogs attacked us. I don't know how we shook them loose, but we finally made it into town, purchased our supplies, and started back. There were no cars traveling the road at this time and, worse luck, a blizzard came on. The wind howled and it became colder. You can just imagine our fears as we trekked back expecting at any moment to be jumped upon by vicious mongrels and torn to bits. It was so cold that only three of those five dogs ventured forth to bother us. Our toes were freezing and we were now staggering blindly along. Suddenly a savior in a car appeared. He took us along for only one mile, but that mile was enough to warm us up and enable us to continue on our way.

* * * * *

Lake George is a beautiful place. So I've been told. My friend and I decided to take a trip up there. The route we took was a roundabout one, for we were in Liberty and had to go to Wurtsboro by passing through Monticello. From Wurtsboro we proceeded through the Catskills via Ellenville and Albany on into the town of Lake George. It was a hot summer and while waiting at Monticello for a ride, I got tired and sat down to rest. A kind motorist took pity on us and picked us up. I was surprised that in my haste to get into the car, I forgot my cap. Thus I arrived in the next town minus my headgear. In Ellenville we were stuck again, for five long hours. We bought some food, made a lunch, and thumbed as we ate. The meal, as well as the trip, had a happy ending, for

we were picked up and arrived at our destination. The trip was very worthwhile, for Lake George is a beautiful place. We remained there five days and by means of the "Thumb Express" returned home.

* * * * *

There was one trip that will remain forever in my memory. It was a long one and crowded with events. My scouting organization held a convention in Montreal, and people from all over this country and Canada attended. Nearly all the delegates from my group hitch-hiked up to Montreal from New York, a distance of four hundred miles. One fine morning a girl scout and I, dressed in blue shirted uniforms and green neckerchiefs with packs on our shoulders, started out. We had a good start, for a passing car took us right into Albany. And there our troubles really began. At this point I wish to state that I hate drivers who don't know where they're going, especially if they pick up hitch-hikers. We dropped off in Albany and having no desire to stay in the heart of the city, we accepted a driver's offer to take us to the outskirts of town. What a wrong way Corrigan he turned out to be! For when we stepped out of his car, we were in Schenectady, forty miles off our route. What came next shouldn't happen to a dog. We had to hitch-hike on back roads toward Saratoga. Finally, dead, beaten and weary, we arrived in Saratoga at dusk, caught a ride and soon passed through familiar Lake George. At Lake George we met eight fellow scouts who called it a day and passed the night in town while we traveled on. Somewhere along the road between Lake George and Montreal a truck rolled up by and stopped. The driver motioned us into the back. When we climbed in, we discovered six of our traveling companions. At the end of that ride there were two of us in front and sixteen in back. It was very dark inside except for light cast by a flashlight. The cargo was wine and ale which gave off an alcoholic odor. It gets mighty cold at night near Lake Champlain and we were in a refrigerated truck. I'll swear that ice formed on the inside. It was cold and miserable and some of us tried to fall asleep, but I could not. Time seemed endless and the truck rolled on and on, and I thought it would never stop. This monotony continued for another eighty miles. To say it was cold would be putting it mildly. Freezing is more like it, and the odor, darkness, silence, and the truck rolling on and on and on, slowly, slowly, slowly on. To me it seemed like forever until finally in the little town of Keeseville thirty miles from the Canadian border, the truck stopped and we alighted. Four of the girls were sick, and they fainted. We were a miserable bedraggled group of boys and girls standing there in the middle of the night with a group of local townspeople staring at us. We inquired at a hotel and some other boy and I booked three rooms for the girls and we were delegated to watch over them and to continue the journey the next morning.

No one was seriously ill, so the next morning in high spirits and with some good food under our belts, we started thumbing again. This phase of the trip was trouble-free until we arrived at the border. To enter Canada one needs citizenship papers and a reasonable amount of money. No cars crossed over, and therefore we had to wait for a bus to take us to Montreal. The bus was due at 1:30 and as it was only 10:00, we waited at the Canadian Customs house. More of our friends arrived and by the time the bus came, at least a dozen of us were waiting, and on the bus were ten others. One girl, an Austrian who had special

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CAMPUS QUESTIONNAIRE

QUESTION: Should the United States have peacetime military conscription?

ANSWERS:

Norman Rosen, Philadelphia, Pa.

I think there are enough enlistments to fill the Armed Forces quotas. If, however, there aren't enough enlistments to fill the needs, a revival of the G. I. Bill would induce men to enlist. If this didn't work and Congress resorted to a draft law, I believe that college students should be exempted so that they could continue their studies.

The United States shouldn't have too large an army, just a standing army made up of volunteers.

Bill Stern, Patterson, N. J.

A draft has both positive and negative aspects. A positive point is that in the Army a man has to learn how to get along with other people. Another Army advantage is that it teaches a person to coordinate his mind and muscles.

Conscription has its bad points, too. A draftee meets unfairness and undemocratic practices, such as an officer caste system and unfilled promises (thirty days furlough time per year and discharge upon points).

But, in the long run, I don't think it hurts anyone. After high school graduation, a fellow would benefit by being taken into the service.

Jack Rovics, New York, N. Y.

The United States needs an army which should be part of an international force used to preserve world peace. The army should be composed of volunteers, if there aren't enough volunteers we should have a draft. I'm not sure about the age level for the draft; perhaps a fellow should be taken after he graduates from high school.

College students should be exempted.

A G. I. bill should be enacted to aid those fellows who ordinarily wouldn't have a chance to go to college.

Fred Staebler, Southampton, Pa.

Our country needs an army so that we may be prepared in any case of emergency.

The minimum draft age should be 19, as 18 is too young.

Service should be for a year.

A person in college shouldn't be taken until he is graduated. The G. I. Bill must be re-enacted.

The army can give a fellow a great deal; it teaches discipline, develops one's character, and guides one in picking friends.

Walter Long, Allentown, Pa.

I'm in favor of taking boys for a year after they've been graduated from high school. For those who enlist, there should be a G. I. Bill of Rights. Of course there's a possibility that there will be enough volunteers to make a draft unnecessary.

A large American Army can prevent war, but it won't cause war unless our country becomes imperialistic.

In case of danger we must be prepared, and be able to defend ourselves immediately and not spend too much time training.

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THE CYNIC'S CORNER

Fall has come in with a bang. Trees are hastening their disrobing, but we mortals are bundling up more and more. As a matter of fact, a certain southern gentleman has been in the market for an Alaskan parka, mukaluks, and all the trimmings. The red glow noticed on the tip of his nose is not due to excessive quaffing of mountain dew, but the tweaking administered by that cold-hearted rogue, Jack Frost.

QUIET! ! !

For a few weeks now one determined gentleman on the second floor has been conducting an effective, lone-handed campaign against noise. This warrior, whose presence on the European battlefield made the war's end inevitable, has challenged a new foe. Overjubilant students raising Cain suddenly pale and become as silent as a feather in the wind, whenever his disapproving glance rests on them. Even the mice wrap rags around their feet to deaden the sound of their footsteps. Yours truly wandering around the second floor corridor for some inexplicable reason, happened to exercise well-developed vocal cords. Suddenly I was confronted by a gigantic form, menacingly wagging a finger in my face and expressing doubts as to the legality of my birth. Unable to prove my point, I skulked back to my lair a beaten man.

* * * * *

While going to class one day in a half-conscious state, I was suddenly awakened by a sound like the mating call of a moose. Surprisingly enough, it seemed to be coming from Segal Hall. I peeked into the window, and saw the cause of the disturbance. A potential Harry James was blowing into a trumpet, his face as red as borscht. Gad, such goings on should be banned from the campus. He's apt to keep us awake in class.

KILROY IS HERE

After reading the depressing account of the interment of Kilroy by University of Minnesota students, I wondered what our Kilroy thought about this shameful mess, so I hied myself over to his cottage. There I found him longingly contemplating a nearby tree . . . so near and yet so far. . . . I gently patted his generous head to get him in the mood, and couldn't help but notice the resemblance to Churchill, I had to restrain myself from shoving a cigar into his jowl. I knew that here was a peaceful soul who had no desire to harm anyone, so the resemblance to "Winnie" was purely physical. "For one who has just been buried you still show a spark or two of life," I heh hehed. He looked at me disgustedly, and growled under his breath, "The rif-raff one has to associate with." This hurt me very much. So what if he had a pedigree as long as the list of a politician's relatives on the city payroll? Many of my ancestors were just as good as his. I controlled myself and went on with the questioning: "What do you think of football?" He looked up at me and leered, "This is confidential bub, see. What I can't understand is how guys can get up enough interest to kick an inflated pigskin around, tanned mind you, with all the zest of women at a nylon sale. Boy, if I had the makings that were in that pigskin originally . . ." With that, he lay down and dreamily began gnawing on a well gnawed bone. "On your way, peasant," he growled, and I saw that our interview was at an end, so I ambled off.

—BERNARD KASAN

HUNTING CONDITIONS FOR THIS SEASON

Across the entire United States and Canada, sportsmen are looking forward to the first, real, postwar hunting season. This year, more than a million of them are day-dreaming of the thrills of hunting the white-tail or mule deer. At least just as many are waiting impatiently the day when the first Canvasback of the season will peel off from a string of circling ducks and head down towards the decoys. Still other millions will be waiting for the pleasures of quail or pheasant or rabbit hunting.

No matter what the sportsman's choice, each one is asking, "What sort of hunting am I going to get this year?"

There are convincing indications that there will be many more hunters in the woods, fields, and marshes this fall than there were in any previous season. Last year, with the fighting just over, many sportsmen were still in the armed forces or working overtime to re-convert industry to a peacetime basis. Despite that fact, the turn-out of sportsmen was immense. This year is almost certain to be a record-breaking season. The increase of hunters is greater than expected in proportion to the large number of license buyers.

This very heavy hunting will no doubt drain our stock of wild game, unless the weather man turns unusually nasty. 1946 should also go down in hunting history as one of the really great Deer seasons.

The thickly populated area for white-tail Deer in the United States is the Lake States region. Statistics show that these states have more deer now in comparison to last year. Pennsylvania, for years the East's top deer state, holds bright prospects for its hunters. Other states such as Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts also report more white-tail deer than last year. New York's deer population is also slightly larger this year. New Jersey also reports a favorable increase.

Black bear hunters are going to have lots of fun this fall. Prospects are quite good in the eastern states, including Pennsylvania, Virginia, and New York. The Far West should be excellent for black bear this year also.

Trophy hunters, those lucky sportsmen who can afford to take long trips to far places, are also going to have a good season. Alaska's mammoth Brown Bears, North America's biggest and most dangerous game animals, have increased greatly during the war years.

Duck hunters this year will be facing a shortage of game. The unpleasant prospect of the supply of ducks this season is fifty percent of normal. The daily bag limit has been cut from ten to seven ducks. This is caused by the water and weather conditions in the Canadian and northern United States nesting regions. These regions produce about three quarters of our "new" ducks each spring. This year the nesting regions have been good in only a few areas. Bad breeding conditions resulted in a small production of ducks this year. However, the prospects for duck hunters will be better along the Pacific Coast.

Goose hunters will not fare well this year. These hunting restrictions for waterfowl aren't anything to cheer about. Shortened hunting seasons and reduced bag limits help bring the geese out of their slump. The more geese that fly northward next spring, the better the 1947 season will be. That's something every real sportsman should remember.

In Pennsylvania the yearly kill of grouse is about 200,000 birds.

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HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

Horticulture as we know it today embraces the fields of esthetic and practical agriculture; floriculture and landscape gardening; orcharding, and vegetable production. The word horticulture divided into its basic parts means, a garden (hortus), and to till (cultural). There are horticultural societies in virtually every state of the Union, and many abroad, such as the famed Royal Horticultural Society, Vincent Square, London, England. Countless books and periodicals have been published on this phase of agriculture alone.

So it is that we of the National Farm School and Junior College have re-formed the old Horticultural Society into what we hope will be a new and better organization under the very able advisorships of Professor David Purmell, and Messrs. Rellis and Fiesser.

The purpose of the Society is to further the education of its members in the various fields of horticulture, and bring to them the latest and best information on the subject in the forms of speakers, moving pictures, and field trips to the grounds of outstanding personalities in the horticultural field.

—WILLIAM L. STERN

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NOTED SPEAKERS AT HORT MEETINGS

The Horticultural Society was reorganized early in October with the election of William L. Stern as president, Michael Benko as vice-president, and Ira Moumgis as secretary-treasurer.

Dr. J. J. Williams, chief of the biochemical division of the U. S. Eastern Regional Research Laboratories, was the principal speaker at the first meeting of the society. Dr. Williams explained the organization of the research laboratory, which is one of the four in the country established primarily to search industrial outlets for farm product wastes.

The laboratories, since their establishment in 1941, made many valuable contributions to the war, as well as peacetime efforts, such as plastics from corn cobs and wheat straw to replace metals, corn cob dust for cleaning airplane engines of carbon and oil, cotton cord for tires, a rubber-like substitute for natural rubber (norepol) made of corn; Rutin, a valuable drug to reduce capillary fragility, extracted from buckwheat; apple syrup, used by the tobacco industry; pectin, concentrate essence for flavoring candy; dehydration of vegetable wastes for feeding poultry and cattle. These are only a few of the valuable contributions made by the laboratories.

The talk was supplemented by lantern slides. Samples of natural apple-flavored candy produced by the laboratories were passed among the audience. The talk and the candy were equally appreciated.

The second meeting of the society was addressed by Dr. David Shifris, research plant breeder of the Burpee Seed Company. His talk on growing seed was well illustrated by lantern slides portraying seed production and hybridization methods at Burpee's Floridale farm in California and the Fordhook trial grounds at Doylestown, Pa.

Mr. Purmell, faculty advisor of the Horticultural Society, has arranged to have many other interesting speakers and movies for the succeeding meetings during the winter months. All students are urged to attend.

MUSIC APPRECIATION HOURS

Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and Tchaikovsky have been entertaining a group of students in the library each Thursday evening. Their music, played by the world's leading orchestras and transcribed on phonograph discs, has provided pleasant, restful and inspiring hours for the listeners.

The music played is chosen by a committee of students, which receives individual requests. All meetings of the group are completely informal, members coming and going as they wish. There are no officers and no dues are collected.

Although most concerts have featured classical music, the moderns like Prokofief and Shostakovich have not been neglected. The group also set aside a jazz evening presenting improvizations by such modern masters as Armstrong, Bechet, Ellington, Teagarden and Spanier.

ALFRED HASS

* * * * *

Descent

"Jump," a stentorian voice called out from the forward end of the cavernous interior of the transport plane, which was hovering above our dropping point at a height of three miles from the earth's surface. Like an automaton, I stepped out into space and plummeted earthwards at an immeasurable speed. "Dear Lord," I prayed, "forgive me my transgressions . . ." . . . I was an errant student and I remember the day that I was expelled from school for playing "hookey" . . . "The fishing was really swell, pop" . . . My first date; ah, how could I ever forget that rapturous night divine, when I was only fourteen and Elaine was twelve? It was like a dream, as we sat in the theater coyly holding hands and eating licorice sticks . . . The day I became an uncle; I was much too young to pass out cigars and I distinctly remember the one-man hunt I instigated in search of the stork that dropped my cute nephew off at my brother's house . . . My twenty-second birthday; that was really a gala occasion. The entire cast of the show gave a surprise party backstage in my honor. That was the night I first proposed to Sandra, the ingenue lead in the show. I was turned down cold, and each time I tried after that her answer was "No." . . . This man Hitler was beginning to get in my hair, so I joined up . . . Those weekends in London were really great. I'd give my right arm to be back there, sitting in the Coach and Horses pub over in Bayswater, drinking some of Charlie's mild and bitters, or dancing with Pat at the Covent Garden . . . "Please God, look after Pat; keep her safe from harm; keep her for me. . . ."

Suddenly I was jolted back into reality by the body wrenching upward jerk of the parachute harness. The umbrella of silk cloth billowed out overhead and I began to oscillate gently down. On the slow trip down I readied my tommy-gun, for this was Germany 1945.

—DAVID H. LAMM

CAMPUS NEWS

SHORTS AND MIDLINS

According to some folks around here, this will be a very mild winter. They base their belief on the fact that caterpillars are colored a certain way this year. We were told that if we looked at the caterpillar at this time, we would see a predominance of orange coloring over the black. The superstition goes that the more orange coloring there is, the more mild will be the winter.—Who knows?



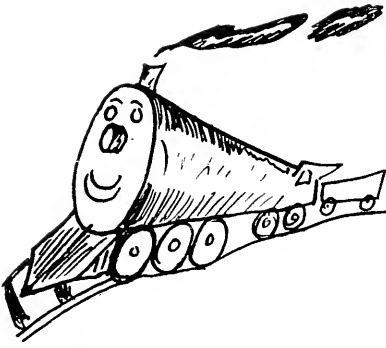
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Which New York farmer has been spilling milk into bottomless cans, hmmm-m?



* * * * *

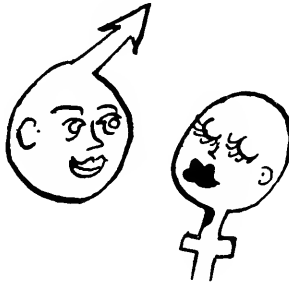
We hear that there was quite a line of fellows in front of the infirmary door waiting for vitamin pills one day in October. Got any white spots on your finger nails?



You'd never think it, to look at Bill Roomet, would you? It's true though. He's just a roguish old Casanova.—We hear that one day not too long ago, Bill kissed a girl goodbye as she stepped onto a train leaving a certain station. This wasn't so bad, but when he strolled across the platform to greet that other grl that came in on the next train. . . . Well, now!!!

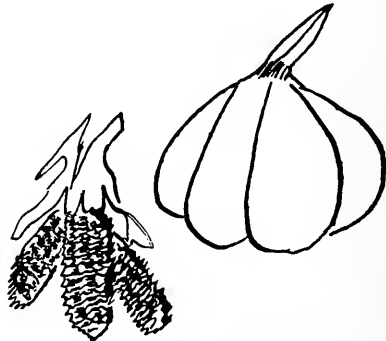
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What is this we hear about the janitor having to spend half an hour mopping up the drool from the floor of the General Ag. classroom after a certain lecture given by Dr. Appleby?

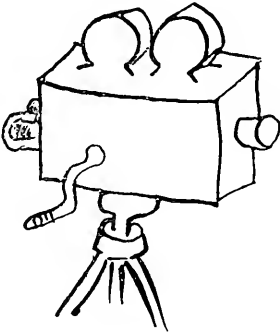


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Did you have a good time at the dance? We did. Boy, what a night and what a day after it! The old joint really got rocking. We sure are looking forward to the next shindig.



We don't know whether it's true or not, but we hear that Hal Silverman has been offered quite a sum per year by the Brotherhood of Movie Cameramen to stop practicing this art.



* * * * *

The Iceman Cometh

It happened during the week of October 13, we think. Anyway Dr. Appleby was just as surprised and astonished as were the students then on dairy detail, to find a new born little black and white calf. "Not so astonishing," you say? Ah, but the mother of the calf happened to be an Ayrshire, and all good students of Dairy Husbandry know that Ayrshires are brown and white and that Holsteins are black and white. . . . Who's the Holstein in the woodpile?



* * * * *

NOTED ON CAMPUS

We are quite worried about our pal Les Noble. We aren't sure whether he has an overzealous tapeworm or perhaps a touch of a **Trypanasoma Gambriense** (How's that Dr. Bowen?) What a sleepy head.

During the month of October there seemed to have been a series of cyclones which have hit the hallowed corridors of Ulman Hall. If not, what could it have been that ripped those rooms apart?

* * * * *

“Chick” Ginsberg has suddenly been hit by a landslide of letters from anonymous girls. We should be plagued by such a situation!

* * * * *

Flash!—The search is over (we think). Hitler and Mussolini have been found. If you happen to be around Ulman Hall on the afternoon of the first of November you would have witnessed the appearance of the two done-for dictators on the balcony there. Those who were there found, upon taking a second look, that the two apparitions were merely Al Goodman and Morty Ballin cutting capers again. Some fun!

* * * * *

We were walking down the road on the first day of November and all at once our ears were disturbed by a volley of gunshots. After picking ourselves up out of the mud in the ditch by the side of the road, we looked around for some tanks, or planes, or at least a battalion of soldiers. But no, none of these were to be seen, just a few red-capped, first day big game hunters tracking down a ferocious cotton tail rabbit. Until the hunting season is over, we shall carry a brilliantly colored pennant with us when we go strolling in the sunshine.

* * * * *

When the X-Ray pictures arrived at school quite a number of different responses were registered throughout the student body.

Almost all the fellows agreed that it was the best photograph ever taken of them.

Fred Staebler was a bit perturbed when he found a note attached to his X-Ray. It said that he would have to have a second picture taken because they couldn't seem to find his chest.

We hear Dave Lamm received his with a one-way ticket to Arizona attached. We can't imagine what this could mean.

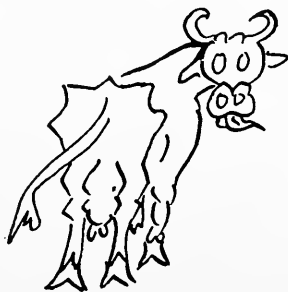
We didn't know if it's true or not, but it's been whispered that Jim Mesteller sent his X-Ray to Hollywood for screen test consideration.

* * * * *

We'll bet you've never realized just how cooperative the cows at our dairy are.

One morning, while we were on A.M. Dairy detail, we staggered to the dairy after being up quite late the night before. Upon sitting down to work, the cow looked around at us and seeing the groggy condition we were in said, “You just hang on, Buddy, and I'll jump up and down.”

—MORTY BALLIN



TURK'S EYE VIEW

The N. F. S. spirit has passed on to the J. C. boys with all the strength and flavor of old times. This class of '49 has taken to the college as a duck takes to water. They even feel that the chow is the best mess they've tasted in years. I honestly feel the successful future of the Junior College can be clearly perceived by looking at the fine group of students in the freshman class.

From the din and shouting coming from Ulman Hall, one might think that a multitude of murders are being committed, but no, these lovely lads are only braining each other or trying desperately to dislodge one another's limbs. Others in the A. A. store stuffing their alimentary canals with ice cream, candy, and other goodies. Many fellows are deeply rooted in their rooms imbibing the sweet nectar of knowledge.

On close inspection you will find these fellows play, work, and study with energetic enthusiasm. Their class is highly seasoned with a few intellectuals, hillbilly yodelers, tobacco fiends, jokesters, wise guys, nose ring jobs, and lovers. "To each his own a rose."

—TURK BERSHTEIN

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CAMPUS QUESTIONNAIRE

(Continued from page 10)

Ed Humphreys, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

After leaving high school a fellow should be drafted. If he manages to enter college before being drafted, there should be some type of training so that he can be prepared for military service. A year in the Army won't hurt him. If a fellow wants to, he can learn a trade in the Army. Congress should continue the G. I. Bill of Rights for veterans.

As long as other nations talk war, we ought to be prepared.

Bob Miller, Fox Chase, Pa.

I am decidedly against conscription. Once we have compulsory training a person loses his individual freedom. Adopting a draft is the worst thing a country can do. The idea of drafting is undemocratic. I think that training to kill harms the mind.

If we must have an army, Congress should extend the G. I. Bill and make it worthwhile to enlist. An enlisted army is better than a conscripted one.

* * * * *

This questionnaire is by no means ended. We hope that you, the student body, discuss the issue among yourselves. Students who desire to have their opinions published are requested to place their comments in the editor's box, or to give them to either of the two writers who conducted this questionnaire.

—SOL RESNICK AND ALFRED HASS

CONGRATULATIONS, MR. AND MRS. ELSON

The editors of the GLEANER extend their congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Elson on the birth of their son, Stephen. We expect to see him on the campus any day now.

PRESENTING THE “MUTTS” OF ’46

NAME	AGE	RESIDENCE	AMBITION
Michael Benko, Jr.	25	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Undecided
Teddy Bernstein	20	Philadelphia, Pa.	Forester
Vince Caleskie	18	Hoboken, N. J.	Undecided
Don Burgoon	23	Philadelphia, Pa.	Florist
Dick Clark	17	Philadelphia, Pa.	Horticulture
Edward End	19	Philadelphia, Pa.	Undecided
Vince Fanale	22	Lodi, N. J.	Landscape Architect
Jack Force	18	Titusville, N. J.	Dairy Farmer
Jerry Friedman	17	Philadelphia, Pa.	Frozen Food Business
Harry Guy	22	New York, N. Y.	Undecided
Harold Harpster	20	State College, Pa.	Undecided
Ed James	18	Skillman, N. J.	Dairy Farmer
Burton Just	20	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Undecided
Mel Kreisler	18	Bronx, N. Y.	Veterinarian
Herb Lipson	17	Easton, Pa.	Undecided
Walter Long	17	Center Valley, Pa.	Bovine Research
William Orapchuck	21	New York, N. Y.	Undecided
Jack Reed	21	Trenton, N. J.	Poultry Farmer
Leonard Repash	28	Bethlehem, Pa.	Landscape Architect
Walt Riggins	20	Prospect Park, Pa.	Horticulture
John Rizzo	22	Lock Haven, Pa.	Landscape Architect
William Roomet	20	Philadelphia, Pa.	Veterinarian

PRESENTING THE "MUTTS" OF '46

REMARKS

The source of the pleasant sounds coming from Segal Hall at various hours.
Mike plays the piano and does it well, too.

Teddy is a hard-working veteran, a licorice fiend, and an avid Donald Duck fan. The back of his door is a pretty warm spot, eh Ted?

Vince is a quiet fellow who makes himself useful in three different positions on the football team.

This fellow is interested in many sports although baseball and swimming are tops on his list.

Attention Prof. Purmell! Dick's ambition is to grow the biggest and best apples in the state.

This fellow is an auto mechanic. Students with cars take note.

"Zoot Suit Fanale" has an affliction for tightly pegged pants and extra long jackets; he wants to bring Lodi fashions to Farm School.

Jack is an ardent hunter and trapper who wants to become a dairy farmer. He is interested in all sorts of wild life.

Jerry plays the piano and is a prestidigitator (magician to you). He has offered to conjure up a blonde for every man at Farm School.

This fellow who talks in a most peculiar choppy way is a favorite on the football team.

State College's loss is Farm School's gain. Harold will blow a trombone for the Farm School band.

Our future hunting and fishing columnist is a model airplane fiend. He is also interested in photography and baseball.

A fish enthusiast who is currently reading the book *Atoms in Action*.
Attention Mr. Schmieder!

Farm School's All-American water bucket man. Mel served as assistant trainer on the football squad.

Our band drummer is quite a handsome lad. We have one strike against him from the start, though. He is related to "The Turk."

Attention, Mr. Emil! This fellow wants to play baseball. Attention, all girls! He's a handsome lad.

The "Frank Sinatra" of Farm School, Bill resembles Frankie quite a bit.
BUT, he can't sing.

Jack is interested in, of all things, goats. He said he liked hunting. We didn't ask him what he hunted or where.

This big, husky gent is an ex C. B. (oops) Seabee. This fellow was actually studying when we interviewed him.

One of our football stars who is interested in the girls of Doylestown.
What's her phone number, Walt?

A model airplane builder. This amazing fellow was found studying History.

Likes football and horseback riding, but never has been observed eating supper at the mantelpiece.

PRESENTING THE "MUTTS" OF '46

NAME	AGE	RESIDENCE	AMBITION
Norm Rosen	18	Philadelphia, Pa.	Teacher
Burt Rothstein	17	Philadelphia, Pa.	Frozen Food Business
Jack Rovics	21	New York, N. Y.	Veterinarian
Harry Saunders	21	East Orange, N. J.	Dairy Farmer
Mike Scheier	18	Flemington, N. J.	Undecided
Ronald Schneider	17	Folsom, Pa.	Florist
Louis Serridge	18	Flemington, N. J.	Undecided
Walt Skrobot	28	Irvington, N. J.	Beef Cattle Production
William L. Stern	20	Paterson, N. J.	Landscape Architect
Robert Streeper	20	Bristol, Pa.	Dairy Farming
Robert Thomas	20	Royersford, Pa.	General Farming
Bill Thompson	25	Royersford, Pa.	Landscape Architect
Everett Vreeland	21	White Plains, N. Y.	Veterinarian

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HUNTING CONDITIONS FOR THE SEASON

(Continued from page 12)

The season on grouse has been closed in an attempt to save the birds that are left.

The small game hunter of the eastern coast will have a poor pheasant season, except in eastern Pennsylvania, where there is a fairly good supply of game. Rabbits and hares are fairly plentiful in eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland.

—JOHN J. WASSER

PRESENTING THE "MUTTS" OF '46

REMARKS

Norm won several letters on his High School team. Looks as if he will take another letter on the N. F. S. football team.

Burt draws some beautiful figures (not math). His closet doors are well decorated. He is also a good pianist.

A potential staff artist for the GLEANER, Jack likes to work with pastels. He is a regular member of the audience at Mr. Finkler's Thursday evening recitals in wax.

A Navy vet who in his own words served "all over the darn world!" We notice that Harry pays a lot of attention to Dr. Appleby's lectures.

Farm School's touchdown artist, Big Mike is a quiet fellow in class but a terror on the gridiron.

Ronny is a studious (?) fellow who was having trouble with his math. Mr. Emil, this fellow was manager of his High School basketball squad. Sign him up.

This perky little end on our football squad is known as "The Mighty Mite." Some people have trouble spelling his name.

Walt is a curly-headed young fellow who is trying to figure out the difference in weight between an electron and a proton. (We didn't find him studying.)

Bill Stern, who is an ichthyologist (fish fiend to you), has a very interesting hobby.

Interested in aviation. Bob would like to see an aviation club formed at Farm School.

A long, lanky member of the football team who wants to play baseball, basketball and any other sport that comes along.

Attention all students. This fellow not only is finding school work difficult, but to add to his troubles, he got married.

Quite a big boy, he shows up well in a football uniform. His main interest is fishing.

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THE SALESMAN

(Continued from page 6)

I have tried to show the different types of salesmen which haunt people all through the country and I will conclude with this word of warning:

Beware the insidious smile, the flattery, the facts and figures, and if you **must** buy, buy from me.

—HAL SILVERMAN

SPORTS REVIEW

VICTORIOUS IN DEFEAT

Yes sir, victorious in defeat, that's the Bulldogs, though they lost to the University of Delaware J.V.'S. to the tune of 32-12. Delaware went home knowing they played a rough and fighting team.

Farm School opened the game with Fanale kicking to the Delaware 5, and from there it was returned to the 20. Before three plays had gone by, the visitors were on our own 42-yd. line. On the next play, big Mike Scheier intercepted a pass and scooted down the field for a T.D. The try for the extra point failed because of a bad pass from center.

Farm School kicked off again, and the boys from Newark drove deep into the Farmers' territory. It was first down and 8 to go for a touchdown and a chance to tie the game for Delaware, but the undaunted spirit that carried our team through the first half held the Mud Hens. Delaware attempted four straight bucks through the line, but the Bulldogs held on and the ball fell into N.F.S. hands. Mike Scheier then punted them to safety.

At the beginning of the second quarter, it was the visitors' ball. They soon gave it back to the Bulldogs via a punt. A bad pass from center on the first play resulted in Delaware being on the N.F.S. 3-yard line. It took Delaware one play to score, and after the conversion it was the Mud Hens 7 and the Farmers 6. In the remaining portion of the quarter no further score was tallied by either team.

During the half the team stayed in back of the Administration building, where they received excellent treatment by the managers. Several injuries were sustained during the first half of the game, the most serious being co-captain Arndt's broken collar bone.

The lack of reserves soon had its telling effect on our team as the second half of the game started. Once again Farm School kicked off and on Delaware's first play, which was a pass, a touchdown was scored. The play covered over 50 yards. The attempt for the extra point was blocked.

After the Farmers received the kick-off, they themselves were forced to punt out of danger. Once Delaware players got their hands on the ball they never let go. From their own 33-yard line they marched all the way down the field for another T.D. Once again the try for the extra point failed. The score: Farm School 6; Delaware 19. For the remainder of the quarter, both teams fought hard, but neither of them hit pay dirt.

At the start of the fourth quarter the Bulldogs drove deep into Delaware territory, but failed to score. Delaware attempted to punt out of danger. The punt was partially blocked by Thomas, and it was then picked up by Scheier who ran 15 yards to hit pay dirt. The attempt for the extra point failed. The score now stood Delaware 19, Farm School 12. But, the accumulation of power that Delaware had brought with them soon broke loose. After an exchange of punts, Delaware unleashed a running attack, and in six plays scored another T.D.

After the kick-off the Bulldogs attempted a fierce passing attack that failed, and were then forced to punt. The ball was taken on the

Delaware 35 by Greenfield, who broke loose to go all the way for a six-pointer. This time the conversion was good.

Upon receiving the kick-off, the Farmers tried desperately to score, but failed as time ran out and the game ended.

The line-up:

Delaware	Position	Bulldogs
Davis	Left End	Guy
Burk	Left Tackle	Arndt
Cavanaugh	Left Guard	Caleskie
Wood	Center	Shaeffer
Pollari	Right Guard	Goodman
Small	Right Tackle	Fanale
Bilski	Right End	Turn
McCarthy	Quarterback	Pogust
Lanza	Left Halfback	Riggins
O'Toole	Right Halfback	DeWald
Jones	Fullback	Scheier

Score by quarters:

Delaware	0	7	12	13—32
Bulldogs	6	0	0	6—12

Delaware scoring: Jones 2, Lanza, Neal, Greenfield. Points after touchdowns: Bilski and Funds. Bulldogs scoring: Scheier 2. Bulldogs substitutions; Saunders, Rosen, Clark, Turner, Vreeland, Serridge, Weinstein, Thomas.

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FARMERS, 27; STEVENS, 6

The combination of Scheier to Riggins was just too much for Stevens to withstand. A dazzling aerial display put on by the Farmers spelled doom for the visitors.

The first quarter resulted in no score for either team; they both battled over the 50 yard line and didn't get any further. The ice was soon broken in the second quarter, when Riggins intercepted a pass on the Stevens 30. An end run by DeWald netted a first down on the very first play, and after Scheier bucked across for another first down, things really began to move. A pass to Serridge on the 2-yard line set the stage for Riggins, who went off guard for a six pointer. The conversion was no good.

On receiving the kick off, Stevens attempted a pass only to have it intercepted by Scheier, who scooted 50 yards for another Bulldog T.D.

After a Stevens back was caught behind the goal line, which netted Farm School two points, Stevens kicked off to the Farmers. Via brilliant running and smart passing, another six master was scored, the T.D. play being passed to Riggins from Scheier. The only touchdown made by Stevens occurred after F.S. kicked off to them. Their half back slipped through the entire Bulldog defense and ran 65 yards for the score. The final score of the game resulted from another pass to Riggins by Scheier.

Score by quarters:

N. F. S.	0	12	9	6—27
Stevens	0	0	6	0— 6

The line-up:

Bulldogs	Position	Stevens
Turn	Left End	Dorcheck
Caleskie	Left Tackle	Stoll
Goodman	Left Guard	Cicero
Clark	Center	Michaels
Shaeffer	Right Guard	Claycomb
Fanale	Right Tackle	Mack
Thomas	Right End	Grissinger
Riggins	Quarterback	Litchus
Scheier	Fullback	Bukay
Rosen	Right Halfback	Webb
DeWald	Left Halfback	Smith

Substitutions: Bernstein, Vreeland, Noble, Raskin, Turner, Pogust, Sanders.

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NFSJC BLANKS MASTBAUM 33 - 0

Highlights of the game . . . Farm School kicked off to Mastbaum who ran the ball back to the 25. From there Mastbaum tried a series of line smashes, but gained nothing. Mastbaum attempted to kick on their fourth down, but Turn blocked the ball on the 10-yard line. On their second down, the Bulldogs scored with Scheier carrying the ball. The attempt for the extra point by Fanale was good. The score after two minutes of the game had elapsed was 7-0. About five minutes later Riggins, running back a punt, scooted 75 yards, but this play was called back because of a penalty. At the end of the first period the score stood 7-0.

Mike Scheier scored on the first play of the second quarter on an off tackle smash that carried 38 yards. Fanale's conversion was good, and the score was doubled. The Farmers had another opportunity to score, but a fumble by Riggins on the 3-yard line ended that. Mastbaum, deep in their own territory, punted to their own 38. After a series of line plunges had reached the 10, Rosen scored on an end run. The score: Bulldogs 20, Mastbaum 0. Fanale's try for the extra point was good. By virtue of a pass that was intercepted by Scheier who galloped sixty yards, the score at the end of the third quarter was 27-0. The last score of the game was made by Harry Guy on a double reverse. Final score: Farmers 33, Mastbaum 0.

The line-up:

Farm School	Position	Mastbaum
Turn	Left End	McKay
Caleskie	Left Guard	Lichstien
Goodman	Left Tackle	Cepparulo
Clark	Center	Mikluski
Shaeffer	Right Guard	Heretek
Fanale	Right Tackle	Weist
Thomas	Right End	Jones
Riggins	Quarterback	Galdi
Scheier	Left Halfback	Rowe
Rosen	Right Halfback	DeSalvio
DeWald	Fullback	Harnatkiewicz

Score by quarters:

N. F. S.	7	14	6	6—33
Mastbaum	0	0	0	0— 0

Touchdowns: Scheier 3, Rosen, Guy. Points after touchdown: Fanale 3. Substitutions for Farmers: Guy, Serridge, Saunders, Vreeland, Weinstein, Raskin, Pogust, End, Turner.

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STROUDSBURG, 20; FARM SCHOOL, 7

East Stroudsburg State Teachers College Jayvees taught Farm School a football lesson on Saturday, November 2, on Alumni Field.

First blood, however, was drawn by the Bulldogs early in the second quarter when Harry Guy passed to Walt Riggins in the end zone. Big Mike Scheier converted for the extra point.

Stroudsburg tied the score when Vince Tomasetti bucked over from his own two-yard line, following a continuous downfield march.

A few minutes later, Mike Scheier intercepted one of the Teachers' aeriels, and dashed 36 yards to the Pedagogues' 25. Big Mike passed again to Riggins, netting 13 yards. Unfortunately, the half ended at this point, with the Farmers in a good scoring position on the Stroudsburg 12.

In the second half, Stroudsburg turned on its offensive power. Tomasetti tossed a long pass to Matthews for the second T. D. Barndt made good on the conversion.

The final score came when Fred Rossi scooted 36 yards for the Teachers' third touchdown.

The lineup:

East Stroudsburg	Position	Farm School
Thomas	Left End	Turn
Boyle	Left Tackle	Caleskie
Masonheimer	Left Guard	Goodman
Kelly	Center	Clark
Colocichi	Right Guard	Sheaffer
Evans	Right Tackle	Fanale
Dinger	Right End	Thomas
Boyle	Quarterback	Riggins
Jones	Left Halfback	Scheier
Matthews	Right Halfback	Rosen
Tomasetti	Fullback	DeWald

Score by quarters:

East Stroudsburg .	0	7	13	0—20
Farm School	0	7	0	0— 7

Scoring: East Stroudsburg, touchdowns, Tomasetti, 2; Rossi; point after touchdown, Barndt, 2 (placements); Farm School, touchdown, Riggins; point after touchdown, Scheier (placement). Substitutions: East Stroudsburg, DeMarce, Messina, Rossi, Barndt, Becker, Herald, Holloway, McCarthy, Richard, Rinaldi, Shovelin; Farm School, Weinstein, Pogust, Turner, Serridge, Haskin, Guy, Vreeland, Saunders, Streeper. Officials: Referee, Peffle, Temple; umpire, Mazliff, F. and M.; head linesman, Hallan, Temple.

N. Y. AGGIES SMOTHERED BY BULLDOGS

Coach Emil's fighting Bulldogs defeated the New York Agricultural Institute by the decisive score of 20-6 while one of the largest crowds of the season watched from the sidelines of Alumni Field.

"Big Mike" Scheier again gave the spectators a large share of the thrills as he scored two touchdowns, and threw a long forward that help set up the third tally.

Farm School's first touchdown came early in the second quarter, when Mike Scheier tossed a well-aimed aerial into the waiting arms of Walt Riggins, good for twenty-five yards and a touchdown. Fanale accounted for the extra point.

The Farmingdale gridmen came back, via a forty-yard pass from Bill Arnold to Red Trenchard, to make the score 7-6. This touchdown only served to whet the Bulldog appetite, and in the closing minutes of the first half Mike Scheier picked Riggins' pass out of the air and dashed away for another Farm School score.

Scheier again scored in the final quarter on a beautiful end run good for twenty-five yards and pay dirt. Fanale's placement was good and the final score read Farm School, 20; New York Aggies, 6.

The lineup:

N.F.S. and J.C.	Position	New York Aggies
Turn	Left End	Trenchard
Caleskie	Left Tackle	Bedell
Goodman	Left Guard	Arno
Clark	Center	Brody
Shaeffer	Right Guard	Amato
Fanale	Right Tackle	Kuzmier
Thomas	Right End	Baldo
Riggins	Quarterback	Jones
Scheier	Left Halfback	Cook
Rosen	Right Halfback	Wilson
DeWald	Fullback	Arnold

Score by quarters:

Farm School	0	13	0	7—20
New York Aggies	0	6	0	0—6

Scoring: Farm School, touchdowns, Riggins, 1; Scheier, 2; points after touchdown, Fanale, 2 (placement kicks); New York Aggies, touchdown, Trenchard. Substitutions: Farm School, Weinstein, Pogust, Turner, Serridge, Raskin, Guy, Vreeland, Saunders, Streeper; New York Aggies, Lackey, Cornevilla, Codanet, Crystal, Reynolds, Horne, Meese. Officials: Referee, McCarthy, Notre Dame; umpire, Clemens, Temple; head linesman, Trautwein, Temple.



FARMERS BATTER WILLIAMSON

The largest crowd of the season was on hand to watch the Fighting Bulldogs plaster the Williamson Trade School gridgers to the tune of 27-6, as the curtain came down on The National Farm School and Junior College's first Junior College football season. The finale saw our team end its 1946 career in a blaze of glory, as it outran, outkicked and outpassed its traditional rival by a decisive margin.

The Bulldogs kicked off to the Williamson eleven, but the ball soon came back into Farm School hands when Clark recovered a fumble on the 47-yard line. The Green and Gold powerhouse started moving when Scheier and Riggins ran the ball up to the 20. On the next play, Scheier smacked through right tackle to score. "Sure Foot" Fanale lifted the ball between the uprights for the extra point.

In the second quarter, "Big Mike" Scheier intercepted a Williamson pass on our 29-yard line and raced along the left sideline until he was knocked out of bounds on the six-yard line. Bob Thomas took over from there and scored easily on the "end around" play. Fanale's kick was again good.

Bill DeWald's alert recovery of a Williamson fumble on the kickoff play gave Farm School the ball on the Williamson 40. Walt Riggins then made it another touchdown by taking Mike Scheier's 35-yard pass on the five and carrying it over into the end zone.

The final Farm School score resulted from Norm Rosen's 15-yard pass to Lou Serridge. Fanale added another point with his educated toe.

Williamson made an attempt to threaten the Fighting Farmers in the final period, and managed to score via a shovel pass from Ziegler to Wesley from their eight-yard line. The Farm School line climaxed its spirited play by blocking the attempt for extra point.

The lineup:

Williamson	Position	Farm School
Funk	Left End	Serridge
Miller	Left Tackle	Caleskie
Hartley	Left Guard	Raskin
Phillips	Center	Clark
Hermann	Right Guard	Shaeffer
Steele	Right Tackle	Fanale
Wesley	Right End	Thomas
Heinbaugh	Quarterback	Riggins
Moyer	Left Halfback	Rosen
Heisler	Right Halfback	DeWald
Schatz	Fullback	Scheier

Score by quarters:

Williamson	0	0	0	6—6
Farm School	7	13	7	0—27

Scoring: Farm School, touchdowns, Scheier, Thomas, Riggins, Serridge; points after touchdown, Fanale, 3 (placements); Williamson, touchdown, Wesley. Substitutions: Farm School, Goodman, Weinstein, Saunders; Williamson, Morgan, Delich, Jenks, Brown, McIntyre, Stokes, Huttner, Ziegler, Knipe. Officials: Referee, Mazloff, F. and M.; umpire, Altomare, St. Joseph's; head linesman, Simpson, Temple.

BASKETBALL PREVIEW FOR 1947

The first NFS and JC basketball season opens on January 11. The team will be under the able direction of Coach Bernard Emil. The first call for candidates has already been issued and glancing at the thirty-seven men listed, it is quite likely that the Farm School tradition of winning basketball teams will be upheld.

Our gym has been repaired and the court should be in excellent shape when the whistle blows for the first time.

Although the schedule is not yet complete as we go to press, we can look forward to a grueling season. Listed among our opponents are such formidable foes as Pennington Prep, Bryn Athyn, Scranton Keystone Junior College, and many others that should provide a season of good, hard basketball and plenty of thrills for the loyal NFSJC rooters.

Coach Emil plans to carry a squad of fifteen men including Varsity and Junior Varsity. Both squads should provide a great deal of excitement for all spectators.

All home games will be played on the Farm School court Saturday afternoons. During the week the team will travel. Several outstanding prospects for the team are Serridge, Guy, Schrumpf and Orapchuck, all former high school players. However all the candidates for the squad will furnish these stalwarts quite a bit of competition.

Pennington Prep, a leading New Jersey School, will be our opponent when the official opening of the season takes place on the Farm School court on January 11, 1947. We wish Coach Emil and his squad loads of success in their first basketball season at NFS and JC. We know they will uphold the famous Farm School battle cry, "Fighting Hearts We Can't Be Beat."

—SAUL GOLDSTEIN

* * * * *

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

January 11—Pennington Prep School	Home
January 15—Williamson Trade School	Away
January 18—Brown Prep School	Home
January 22—Open	
January 25—Glassboro Teachers College	Home
January 29—Pennington Prep School	Away
February 1—Valley Forge Military Academy	Home
February 5—Glassboro Teachers College	Away
February 8—Pittston Vocational School	Home
February 12—Scranton Keystone Junior College	Away
February 15—Willow Grove Naval Air Station	Home
February 18—Bryn Athyn Academy	Away
February 22—Pennsylvania School for the Deaf	Home
February 26—Valley Forge Military Academy	Away
March 1—Scranton Keystone Junior College	Home
March 4—Pennsylvania School for the Deaf	Away

ANGLING

Webster defines angling as the art of catching fish with a hook (formerly called an angle) baited with worms, small fish, flies, etc.

There are several kinds of angling, all not necessarily dealing with the catching of fish. Angling as a sport has been in existence for many years. It is mentioned in the Old Testament, and it was practiced by the ancient Egyptians.

The first of the two forms of angling to be discussed in this article is the art of angling for fish. This is basically a sport for males, although some of the braver females of the species have attempted it and have even been successful, surprising all concerned, including themselves.

The equipment, or tackle, required for this age-old sport is primarily the same as it was years ago, but, for the modern Izaak Walton, the bare necessities of rod, line, hooks, and bait are not enough. In addition to the tackle mentioned above, the fisherman must bring hip boots, special waders, four or five different rods, several different reels of line, a tackle box full of artificial bait and flies, live bait cans, tapered leaders, and a cement anchor. Also thermos jugs, packed lunches, canvas chains, nets, and a creel. (A fairly large sized truck is needed to carry these articles.)

Enlightened sportsmen claim that the best time to take the underwater creatures unaware is at dawn. In order to do this, one must arise at about one or two in the morning, for by the time he packs his equipment and arrives at the spot which he has chosen to fish from, it is dawn.

By noon the weary angler has caught his limit and is ready to return home triumphantly with his fish.

The question a fisherman faces, then, is how to get rid of the fish he has caught. There are several schools of thought on this problem.

The Pilgrims buried a dead fish in each hill of corn to make it grow. Unfortunately, few fishermen have access to cornfields.

Some fishermen try to palm off their catch on kindhearted friends and neighbors. Naturally, it doesn't take those folks long to learn that when a trout has been lugged around all day in a hot creel it is poor competition for a steak.

Other methods of fish disposal are: (1) Stuffing them in the corner mailbox when nobody is looking; (2) hiding them under potted palms; (3) checking them at the railroad station and throwing away the check; (4) hurling them from fast moving cars on lonely roads late at night, and (5) baiting walrus-traps with them.

None of these methods, however, is satisfactory. (1) is probably illegal; (2), (3), and (4) are in poor taste, and (5) brings up the problem of walrus disposal. Walrus disposal makes fish disposal seem like child's play.

The second type of angling is a more exacting sport, wherein the female, instead of the male, plays the leading role. The stakes are higher than mere fish, and the equipment is more expensive. In this form of angling, the female is fishing for the male.

This sport, as old, if not older than the first, has developed into an exact science. There are special schools to teach it, and wherever you go, equipment is being advertised or sold. By equipment I mean articles such as perfume, jewelry, and clothing. With these, the female lures the innocent male into her clutches. If she tires of her catch, she discards him readily; if not, she usually marries him.

The difference between this sport and the former is that in one the catch is killed immediately, and in the latter, the victim dies a slow and torturous death.

—HERBERT LIPSON



*“Green is the glory of the Springtime
Gold the Harvest and the Sunshine”*

So begins one of the songs of our school.

November is an important month for the farmer. It is a month of transition . . . the time that marks the end of one season, but not quite the beginning of the next. It is the time when most farmers are busy taking the last crop from the field, fixing machinery, and preparing for the winter.

During this month one may walk through the woods and admire the beauty of the colors of the leaves. One can see the squirrels and other animals preparing for a long, hard winter, and feel the crispness of the air that makes the flesh tingle, a feeling that makes one glad to be alive.

The trees weep to see the summer go; they shed their leaves. The wind whipping through the bare branches spreads the warning. . . . Winter is coming, bringing the snow to blanket the earth and keep it warm while it sleeps. The ice will sheath the limbs of the trees to keep the buds from breaking out until the cold of winter is gone.

Late November brings the silence of the cold winter morning. . . . The spectre of an icy breath. . . . The warmth of a barn. . . . The earth is hushed.

Yes, November is a very important month, the month of harvest; and here at The National Farm School and Junior College we are just completing our harvest.

Our farms have produced well this year, thanks to the skill and knowledge of our farm superintendent, Mr. Walter J. Groman, and his staff of able assistants, many of whom are Farm School graduates.

Our great yields at harvest time are also due to the conscientious work done by the few remaining seniors. True, we have very few seniors left, but those who are here have done a fine, competent job . . . the same type of job they have done all through the war years.

Thanksgiving is upon us. Now is the time for all men to offer thanks to God that they are alive to view the wonders that are His making. Alive to see the gold of the harvest . . . the fruits, the grains, and the color of the sun.

THE EDITORS

SEVENTY MILES TO NEW YORK

(Continued from page 9)

American citizenship papers, was detained by the officials at the border from 3:00 in the morning until 1:30 P. M. This was because Canada was still technically at war with Austria, so the girl was considered an enemy alien and they wouldn't let her through unless she was put on the bus. After solving this difficulty, we all rode to Montreal.

I had a good time in Montreal and it was with sad heart, six days later, that I bade farewell to the Paris of America and started homeward. At that time there were a great many American tourists coming and going between New York and Montreal, so that when I got to Victoria Bridge I was most fortunate in getting picked up by a man from New York city who drove me right into Manhattan. My hitch hiking dream had at last come true; I had finally reached a hitch hiker's goal, a direct ride with no stop offs from my point of departure to my point of destination.

Yes, with all its highs and lows, joys and sorrows, hitch hiking is a very fine experience. Place a pack on your shoulders, put a smile on your face, get the urge to go somewhere, stick out your thumb, and you're off for the time of your life.

—ALFRED HASS

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